

T H E

1493.W. 33

TRAGEDY

Charles O F *Walmesley*

G O R B O D U C.

Written by

THOMAS SACKVILLE Lord *Buckhurst*,
afterwards LORD TREASURER to Queen
Elizabeth, and EARL of DORSET.



L O N D O N :

Printed for ROBERT DODSLEY at *Tully's*
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Some ACCOUNT of

The Lord BUCKHURST,
And his Writings:

In a Letter to the Right HONOURABLE

The EARL of MIDDLESEX.

MY LORD,



HAVE often had the pleasure of talking with Your Lordship of your noble Ancestor the Lord *Buckhurst*. When I came to town this winter, Mr. *Pope* told me, he had given his Tragedy to be printed; and ask'd me for some Collections I had made, relating to that great Man. I beg leave to communicate them to your Lordship; tho' it may seem impertinent enough in me, to be endeavouring thus to bring you better acquainted with one of your own Ancestors. Most people, that had such a stock of Merit laid up in their Family, wou'd have been searching into every particular of it. I don't

don't know whether you have been so inquisitive into yours: but I know a reason why you need not be so, that I shall not mention to your self; and that I need not mention to any body who knows you.

Thomas Sackville, Lord *Buckhurst*, was (what perhaps all persons of his Birth ought to be) a Poet only in his Youth. All the latter part of his life, he was wholly taken up in State-Affairs. In both these views, he was one of the most considerable men of his Times: and as to the latter, there needs no greater proof of his Abilities, than the great Employments he went through, under so discerning a Princess as Queen *Elizabeth*. For tho' he had the Honour of being related to that Queen, every one who knows her Character will readily imagine she wou'd have found out other Employments for him, had not he been a Man fitted for those he held. She sent him in an Embassy to *France*, whilst he was 1570 yet young: and in another to the States of *Holland* afterwards; which threw him 1588 into great inconveniencies, from his correcting what the Earl of *Leicester* had done amiss there. This made that Great Earl his enemy; and occasion'd his being disgrac'd for some time: but the Queen soon took him into favour again. There was a remarkable instance of it soon after. The Chancellorship of the University of *Oxford* was void. The Earl of *Essex* stood for it; and was oppos'd by Lord *Buckhurst*. Parties grew

warm

warm there : and the Election was very doubtful. At last it was determin'd for Lord *Buckhurst*, by the influence of a Letter wrote by the Queen herself in his favour, even against the Earl of *Effex*. Some years after she made him Lord Treasurer : a post he 1599 held till her death.

The Prince who succeeded her made him Lord Treasurer for life ; and created him Earl of *Dorset* : in the sixth Year of whose Reign, after having given up the last 1608 forty Years of his life to the Affairs of State, he died in the discharge of his great Office. He was struck with a fit of the Apoplexy, whilst debating at the Council-Board ; and gave up his last Breath there, surrounded by the First Officers of State.

Sir *Robert Naunton* observes one thing, that adds a lustre even to his character. " That tho' the Court in Queen *Elizabeth's* time was always full of strong Factions ; and tho' every body else fell in warmly with one side or other ; He always kept himself free from them. That he had no aim, but the service of his Mistress. That he stood on his own bottom ; and yet kept his Treasurer's Staff always firm in his hands." So that he seems to have reason to add : " That, tho' Queen *Elizabeth* had perhaps some more cunning Instruments about her, Lord *Buckhurst* was the steadiest and wisest Minister that Great Queen ever had."

I ought

I ought perhaps to ask pardon for a custom, which I fall into, of naming him usually by his inferior Title. But were one to speak of an Extraordinary Genius by the name of Earl of *Dorset* ; every body is so prepossess'd at present, that they wou'd be perpetually mistaking it for another Ancestor of your Lordships, nearer to our own times.

When a man has endear'd himself to the Publick by his Writings, one loves to hear any particulars of his Life; even such, as have no relation to him as an Author. This is what has made me give this short Sketch of him in his Political, as well as Poetical Capacity. It may be expected that I shou'd be fuller in the account of one than of the other. But his Writings are not so well remember'd as his Counsels. Literary History has not to this day got much ground in our Island; and, so long ago, it had scarce any footing at all. So that all I can pretend to do, is to mark out what Time he wrote in; to give some account of his Poems in general, and of his Tragedy of *GORBODUC* in particular.

The Dawn of our *English* Poetry was in *Chaucer's* time: but it shone out in him too bright, all at once, to last long. The succeeding Age was dark and over-cast. There was indeed some Glimmerings of Genius again in *Henry the 8th's* time: but our Poetry had never what cou'd be call'd a fair settled Day-light, till toward the End of *Queen Elizabeth's* Reign. It was between these two Periods that Lord *Buckhurst* wrote.

wrote : after the Earl of *Surry*, and before *Spenser*.

He got the name of a good Poet, early at the Universities : (for he was of both.) 'Tis said that he wrote several copies of Verses, in *Latin* as well as *English*, during his Studies there ; but these are now either lost, or at least not known to be his. The only pieces which remain to us, as certainly of his Hand, are ; The *Introduction* to the *Mirroure of Magistrates*, The Story of the unfortunate Duke of *Buckingham* in *Richard the Second's* time, and this Tragedy of *Gorboduc*.

The *Mirror of Magistrates* is an old fashion'd Title to a Sett of Poems which were very much applauded in their time. It consisted of Examples of Eminent bad Men, who had come to miserable Ends. The Instances were taken, here and there, from our *English* History, without any great order. There was once a Design of collecting all the Examples from the beginning of our History to their own times. It was then that Lord *Buckburst* wrote his 1557 *Induction* ; which was to have serv'd for an Introduction to the Whole : but as that Design was afterwards dropt, it was inserted in the body of the work, just before one of the particular Stories written by the same hand.

The Plan of the *Induction* is a Descent into Hell. The Poet feigns he descended thither in person, as *Danté* had done. Those unhappy Men were to have pass'd there in review before him ; and each in his turn to have told his own Faults and his Misfortunes. This Piece is
written

written very much in *Spenser's* manner. It abounds in the same sort of Descriptions of Shadowy Beings; and is a good deal in the same Stile. The first time I read it, these two Authors seem'd so evidently of the same School (for there are Schools in Poetry, as distinguishable as those in Painting) that I immediately concluded Lord *Buckburst* might be set down as a Scholar of *Spenser's*: but when I came to compare Dates, it appear'd that (if one form'd himself by the other) it must have been *Spenser* that was a Scholar of Lord *Buckburst's*. For his Induction was written before *Spenser* was ten Years old: and indeed he took to the Study of Politicks and the Management of affairs so early, that he had left off writing, before *Spenser* began.

After the Induction, as the Collection now stands, immediately follows his Story of the Duke of *Buckingham*. Tho' this does 1553 not affect one so much as the former, at least it may be said that it is written in as Poetical a manner, and in a purer stile, than any other Story in the whole Collection.

After finishing his University-Education, he studied the Law, in the *Inner-Temple*; and it was there perhaps that he wrote his Tragedy. At least it was acted by the Gentlemen of that Society, before the Queen at *Whiteball*; for the first time, in 1561. It was not 1561 then publish'd. Afterwards, whilst Lord *Buckburst* was on his Travels, and about the time that he was detain'd at *Rome*, some book-seller

seller here took the advantage of his ab-
 sence, and publish'd it in a very incor- 1565
 rect manner. He obtain'd his Liberty,
 and return'd into *England* soon after to 1566
 take possession of the immense Estate left
 him by his Father : and when his affairs were tho-
 roughly settled, he publish'd a correct
 Edition of it himself. It afterwards 1570
 went through other Editions : notwith-
 standing which, for many years past it has been
 so strangely lost, that Mr. *Dryden* and *Oldham*,
 in the Reign of *Charles* the Second had never
 seen it, (tho' they pretended to criticise it;) both
 mistaking the very name of *Gorboduc*, for that
 of a *Woman*. And that so noted an Antiquary
 as *Anthony à Wood* had seen as little of it, ap-
 pears from his telling us it was written in old
Englisk Rhime.

The Testimony given to its Merit by Sir *Phi-*
lip Sidney ought not to be suppress'd. "*Gorbo-*
duc (says that noble Author) is full of stately
 " Speeches and well-sounding Phrases, climbing
 " to the heighth of *Seneca* his Style ; and as
 " full of notable Morality : which it doth most
 " delightfully teach, and thereby obtain the
 " very end of Poetry. Yet in truth it is de-
 " fectious in the Circumstances ; which grieves
 " me, because it might not remain as an ex-
 " act Model of all Tragedies." The Defect
 of which he speaks, is the neglect of the Uni-
 ties of Time and Place, according to the Rules
 laid down by *Aristotle* ; to which few Authors

of any Age, and none of That, have conform'd themselves.

Nevertheless, that learn'd and strict Critick Mr. *Rymer*, has found the Fable and the Structure of it worthy his commendation. “ *Gorboduc* (says he) “ is a Fable, doubtless better turn'd “ for Tragedy, than any on this side the *Alps* “ in that time; and might have been a better direction to *Shakespear* and *Ben Johnson*, “ than any guide they have had the luck to “ follow. — Here is a King, a Queen, “ and their two Sons. The King divides his “ Realm, and gives it betwixt his two Sons. “ They quarrel. The Elder Brother kills the “ Younger; which provokes the Mother to kill “ the Elder. Thereupon the King kills the “ Mother; and then, to make a clear Stage, “ the people rise and dispatch old *Gorboduc*. — “ From this time Dramatic Poetry began to “ thrive with us, and flourish wonderfully.”

Thus far *Rhimer*: and Mr. *Pope* must forgive me, if I add his Opinion: “ That the Writers of the succeeding Age might have improv'd as much in other respects, by copying from him a Propriety in the Sentiments, “ a Dignity in the Sentences, an unaffected “ Perspicuity of Style and an easy Flow in the “ numbers; in a word, that Chastity, Correctness, and Gravity of Style which are so essential to Tragedy; and which all the Tragic Poets who follow'd, not excepting *Shakespear* himself, either little understood or perpetually

"petually neglected." And indeed what wonder, if the Language of Kings and Statesmen shou'd be less happily imitated by a Poet, than a Privy-Counsellor?

I fear I have tired your Lordship with so long a letter: but I have been betrayed into it by the pleasure I feel, partly in performing a task impos'd upon me by Mr. *Pope*; and partly in speaking of a person so directly related to You, by Genius as well as Birth. I am, my LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most obedient humble Servant,

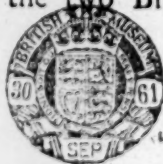
Joseph Spence.





*The Order of the Dumb Shew before
the First Act, and the Signification
thereof.*

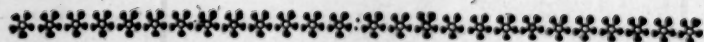
FIRST the Musick of Violins began to play, during which came in upon the Stage five wild Men clothed in Leaves; of whom the first bore on his Neck a Faggot of small Sticks, which they all, severally and together, endeavour with all their Strength to break, but it could not be broken by them. At length one of them pluck'd out one of the Sticks and brake it; and the rest plucking out all the other Sticks one after another, did easily break the same being severed; which being conjoined, they had before attempted in vain. After they had this done, they departed the Stage, and the Musick ceas'd. Hereby was signified, that a State knit in Unity, doth continue strong against all Force; but being divided, is easily destroy'd. As it happen'd by Duke Gorboduc's dividing his Lands to his two Sons, which he before held in Monarchy, and upon the dissention of the two Brothers to whom it was divided.



*The Order and Signification of the Dumb
Shew before the Second Act.*

First the Musick of Cornets began to play, during which came in upon the Stage a King accompanied with a number of his Nobility and Gentlemen. And after he had plac'd himself in a Chair of State prepared for him, there came and kneel'd before him a grave and aged Gentleman and offer'd up a Cup unto him of Wine in a Glass, which the King refus'd. After him comes a brave and lusty young Gentleman and presents the King with a Cup of Gold fill'd with Poison, which the King accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell down dead upon the Stage, and so was carried thence away by his Lords and Gentlemen, and then the Musick ceas'd. Hereby was signified, that as Glass by Nature holdeth no Poyson, but is clear and may easily be seen through, nor boweth by any Art: So a faithful Counsellor holdeth no Treason, but is plain and open, nor yieldeth to any indiscreet affection, but giveth wholesome Counsel, which the ill-advised Prince refuseth. The delightful Gold filled with Poyson betokeneth Flattery, which under fair seeming pleasant Words beareth deadly Poyson, which destroyeth the Prince that receiveth it. As besel in the Brothers *Ferrex* and *Porrerex*, who refusing the wholesome advice of grave Counsellors, credited these young Parasites, and brought to themselves Death and Destruction thereby.

The



*The Order and Signification of the Dumb
Shew before the Third Act.*

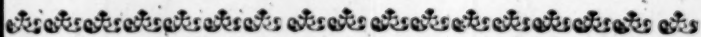
First the Musick of Flutes began to play, during which came in upon the Stage a company of Mourners all clad in black, betokening Death and Sorrow to ensue upon the ill-advised misgovernment and dissention of Brethren, as besel upon the Murder of *Ferrex* by his younger Brother. After the Mourners had pass'd thrice about the Stage, they departed, and then the Musick ceas'd.



*The Order and Signification of the Dumb
Shew before the Fourth Act.*

First the Musick of Hautboys began to play, during which there came from under the Stage, as though out of Hell, three Furies, *Allecto*, *Megera* and *Ctesiphone*, clad in black Garments sprinkled with Blood and Flames, their Bodies girt with Snakes, their Heads spread with Serpents instead of Hair, the one bearing in her Hand a Snake, the other a Whip, and the third a burning Firebrand, each driving before them a King and a Queen, which, mov'd by Furies, unnaturally had slain their own Children. The Names of the Kings and Queens were these, *Tantalus*, *Medea*, *Athamas*, *Ino*, *Cambyses*, *Atthea*; after that the Furies and these had passed about

about the Stage thrice, they departed, and then the Musick ceased. Hereby was signified the unnatural Murders to follow; that is to say, *Porrex* slain by his own Mother, and King *Gorboduc* and Queen *Viden* slain by their own Subjects.



*The Order and Signification of the Dumb
Shew before the Fifth Act.*

First the Drums and Flutes began to play, during which there came forth upon the Stage a Company of Hargabusiars and of armed Men, all in order of Battle. These, after they had discharged their Pieces, and the armed Men had three times marched round the Stage, departed, and then the Drums and Flutes did cease. Hereby was signified Tumults, Rebellions, Arms and Civil Wars to follow; as fell in the Realm of *Great Britain*, which by the space of fifty Years and more, continued in Civil Wars between the Nobility after the Death of King *Gorboduc* and his Issue, for want of certain Limitation in the Succession of the Crown, till the Time of *Dunwallo Molmutius*, who reduc'd the Land to Monarchy.



The

The Names of the SPEAKERS.

- GORBODUC, *King of Great Britain.*
VIDENA, *Queen, and Wife to King Gorboduc.*
FERREX, *Elder Son to King Gorboduc.*
PORREX, *Younger Son to King Gorboduc.*
CLOTYN, *Duke of Cornwall.*
FERGUS, *Duke of Albany.*
MANDUD, *Duke of Leagre.*
GWENARD, *Duke of Cumberland.*
EUBULUS, *Secretary to King Gorboduc.*
AROSTUS, *A Counsellor of King Gorboduc.*
DORDAN, *A Counsellor assigned by the King to his
Eldest Son Ferrex.*
PHILANDER, *A Counsellor assigned by the King to his
Younger Son Porrex. Both being of
the Old King's Counsel before.*
HERMON, *A Parasite remaining with Ferrex.*
TYNDAR, *A Parasite remaining with Porrex.*
NUNTIVS, *A Messenger of the Elder Brother's Death.*
NUNTIVS, *A Messenger of Duke Fergus' rising in
Arms.*
'MARCELLA, *A Lady of the Queen's Privy Chamber.*
CHORUS, *Four Ancient and Sage Men of Britanny.*





GORBODUC.

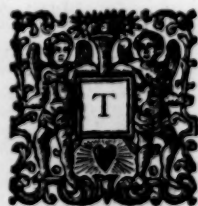


ACT I. SCENE I.

VIDEN.

FERREX.

VIDEN.



HE silent Night that brings the quiet
pause,
From painful travels of the weary
Day ;
Prolongs my careful thoughts, and
makes me blame

The slow *Aurore* that so for love or shame
Doth long delay to shew her blushing face ;
And now the Day renews my grievful plaint.

FERREX.

My gracious Lady and my mother dear,
Pardon my grief, for your so grieved mind,
To ask what cause tormenteth so your heart ?

B

VIDEN.

The Tragedy of

VIDEN.

So great a wrong and so unjust despite,
Without all cause against all course of kind!

FERREX.

Such causeless wrong and so unjust despite,
May have redress, or at the least revenge.

VIDEN.

Neither my Son; such is the froward will,
The person such, such my mishap and thine.

FERREX.

Mine know I none, but grief for your distress:

VIDEN.

Yes: mine for thine my son: A father? no:
In kind a Father, not in kindliness.

FERREX.

My Father: why? I know no thing at all,
Wherein I have misdono unto his Grace.

VIDEN.

Therefore, the more unkind to thee and me,
For knowing well (my son) the tender love
That I have ever borne and bear to thee,
He greived thereat, is not content alone,
To spoil thee of my sight, my chiefeft Joy,

But



But thee of birth-right, and of Heritage,
Causeless, unkindly, and in wrongful wise,
Against all Law and Right he will bereave:
Half of his kingdom he will give away,

FERREX.

To whom?

VIDEN.

Ev'n to *Porrex* his younger son;
Whose growing Pride I do so sore suspect,
That being rais'd to equal Rule with thee,
Methinks I see his envious heart to swell
Fill'd with Disdain and with ambitious Pride.
The end the Gods do know, whose Altars I
Full oft have made in vain of Cattle slain
To send the sacred smoke to Heaven's Throne,
For thee my son; if things do so succeed,
As now my Jealous mind misdeemeth fore.

FERREX.

Madam leave care and careful plaint for me!
Just hath my Father been to every wight,
His first Injustice he will not extend
To me, I trust, that give no cause thereof;
My brother's pride shall hurt himself, not me,

VIDEN.

So grant the Gods! But yet thy father so
Hath firmly fixed his unmoved mind,
That plaints and prayers can no whit avail;
For those have I essay'd, but even this day,
He will endeavour to procure assent
Of all his Counsel to his fond devise.

B 2

FERREX.

FERREX.

Their Ancestors from race to race have borne
True faith to my forefathers and their seed,
I trust they eke will bear the like to me.

VIDEN.

There resteth all; but if they fail thereof
And if the end bring forth an ill success,
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,
And so I pray the Gods requite it them!
And so they will, for so is wont to be
When Lords and trusted Rulers under Kings,
To please the present fancy of the Prince,
With Wrong transpose the course of governance,
Murders, mischief, or civil sword at length,
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,
When right-succeeding Line returns again,
By *Jove's* just Judgement and deserved wrath,
Brings them to civil and reproachful death,
And roots their names and kindred from the earth.

FERREX.

Mother content you, you shall see the end.

VIDEN.

The end? thy end I fear, *Jove* end me first!

ACT

A C T I. S C E N E II.

G O R B O D U C, O R O S T U S, P H I L A N D E R, E U B U L U S.

G O R B O D U C.

My Lords, whose grave advise and faithful aid
Have long upheld my Honour and my Realm,
And brought me to this age from tender years,
Guiding so great estate with great renown :
Now more importeth me than erst to use
Your faith and wisdom, whereby yet I reign ;
That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
The kingdom yet may with unbroken course,
Have certain Prince, by whose undoubted right,
Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay :
And eke that they whom Nature hath prepared
In time to take my place in Princely Seat,
While in their Father's time their pliant youth
Yields to the frame of skilful governance,
May so be taught and train'd in noble Arts,
As what their fathers which have reign'd before
Have with great fame derived down to them,
With honour they may leave unto their seed :
And not be thought for their unworthy life,
And for their lawless swerving out of kind,
Worthy to lose what Law and Kind them gave :
But that they may preserve the common peace,
(The cause that first began and still maintains
The Lineal Course of Kings Inheritance.)
For me, for mine, for you, and for the state,
Whereof both I and you have charge and care:
Thus do I mean to use your wonted faith
To me and mine, and to your native Land.
My Lords be plain, without all wry respect,
Or poysonous craft to speak in pleasing wise,

Left

Left as the blame of ill succeeding things
Shall light on you, so also light the harms,

A R O S T U S.

Your good acceptance so (most noble king)
Of such our faithfulness, as heretofore
We have employed in duties to your Grace,
And to this Realm whose worthy head you are;
Well proves that neither you mistrust at all,
Nor we shall need in boasting wise to shew
Our truth to you, nor yet our wakeful care
For you, for yours, and for our native Land.
Wherefore (O King) I speak for one as all,
Sithe all as one do bear you equal faith:
Doubt not to use their Counsels and their Aids
Whose honours, goods, and lives, are whole avowed
To serve, to aid, and to defend your Grace.

G O R B O D U C.

My Lords I thank you all. This is the case.
Ye know, the Gods who have the sovereign care
For kings, for kingdoms, and for common weals,
Gave me two sons in my more lusty Age,
Who now in my decaying years are grown
Well towards riper state of mind and strength,
To take in hand some greater Princely charge,
As yet they live, and spend their hopeful days,
With me and with their Mother here in Courts,
Their age now asketh other place and trade,
And mine doth also ask an other change,
Theirs to more travil, mine to greater ease,
When fatal death shall end my mortal life,
My purpose is to leave unto them twain
The Realm divided in two sondrie parts:
The one *Ferrex* my elder son shall have,

The

The other shall the other *Porrex* rule.
 That both my purpose may more framely stand,
 And eke that they may better rule their charge,
 I mean forthwith to place them in the same:
 That in my life they may both learn to rule,
 And I may joy to see their ruling well.
 This is in sum, what I would have ye weigh:
 First whether ye allow my whole devise,
 And think it good for me, for them, for you,
 And for our Country, mother of us all?
 And, if ye like it and allow it well,
 Then for their guiding and their governance,
 Shew forth such means of circumstance,
 As ye think meet to be both known and kept.
 Lo, this is all, now tell me your advice.

ved

A R O S T U S.

And this is much, and asketh great advice.
 But for my part, my Sovereign Lord and King,
 This do I think your Majesty doth know,
 How under you in Justice and in Peace,
 Great Wealth and Honour long we have enjoyed;
 So as we can not seem with greedy minds
 To wish for change of Prince or governance,
 But if we like your purpose and devise,
 Our liking must be deemed to proceed
 Of rightful reason, and of heedful care,
 Not for our selves, but for our common state,
 Sithe our own state doth need no better change.
 I think in all as erst your Grace hath said:
 First, when you shall unload your aged mind
 Of heavy care and troubles manifold,
 And lay the same upon my Lords your sons,
 Whose growing years may bear the burden long,
 (And long I pray the Gods to grant it so)
 And in your life while you shall so behold

The

Their

Their rule, their vertues, and their noble deeds,
 Such as their kind behighteth to us all :
 Great be the profits that shall grow thereof,
 Your age in quiet shall the longer last,
 Your lasting age shall be their longer stay :
 For cares of kings, that rule as you have rul'd
 For publick wealth and not for private joy,
 Do wast man's life and hasten crooked age
 With furrow'd face and with enfeebled limbs,
 To draw on creeping Death a swifter pace.
 They two yet young; shall bear the party reign
 With greater ease, than one now old alone
 Can wield the whole, for whom much harder is
 With lessen'd strength the double weight to bear.
 Your eye, your counsel, and the grave regard
 Of Fathers, yea of such a Father's name,
 Now at beginning of their sundred reign
 When it is hazard of their whole success,
 Shall bridle so their force of youthful heats,
 And so restrain the rage of insolence
 Which most assails the young and noble minds,
 And so shall guide and train in temp'ed stay
 Their yet green bending wits with reverend awe.
 And now inur'd with vertues at the first
 Custom (O king) shall bring delightfulness;
 By use of Vertue, Vice shall grow in hate.
 But if you so dispose it, that the day
 Which ends your life, shall first begin their reign,
 Great is the peril, what will be the end,
 When the beginning of such liberties
 Void of such stays as in your life do lye,
 Shall leave them to free random of their will ?
 An open prey to traiterous flattery,
 The greatest pestilence of noble youth :
 Which peril shall be past, if in your life,
 Their temp'ed youth with aged father's awe
 Be brought in ure of skilfull stayedness,

And in your life, their lives disposed so,
 Lengthen your noble life in joyfulness.
 Thus think I that your grace hath wisely thought,
 And that your tender care of common weal,
 Hath bred this thought, so to divide your Land,
 And plant your sons to beare the present rule
 While you yet live to see their ruling well,
 That you may longer live by joy therein.
 What further means behooful are and meet,
 At greater leifure may your Grace devise,
 When all have said ; and when we be agreed
 If this be best to part the Realm in twain,
 And place your sons in present government ;
 Whereof as I have plainly said my mind,
 So would I hear the rest of all my Lords.

P H I L A N D E R.

In part I think as has been said before,
 In part again my mind is otherwise.
 As for dividing of this Realm in twain,
 And lotting out the same in equal parts,
 To either of my Lords your Graces sons ;
 That think I best for this your Realms behoof,
 For profit and advancement of your sons,
 And for your comfort and your honour eke :
 But so to place them while your life doth last,
 To yield to them your Royal governance,
 To be above them only in the name
 Of father, not in kingly State also,
 I think not good for you, for them, nor us.
 This kingdom since the bloody civil field,
 Where *Morgan* slain did yield his conquered part
 Unto his Cousin's sword in *Camberland*,
 Containeth all that whilome did suffice
 Three noble sons of your forefather *Brute* :
 So your two sons, it may also suffice,

The more the stronger, if they agree in one:
 The smaller compass that the Realm doth hold
 The easier is the sway thereof to weild;
 The nearer Justice to the wronged poor,
 The smaller charge, and yet enough for one:
 And when the Region is divided so
 That Brethren be the Lords of either part,
 Such strength doth nature knit between them both,
 In sondrie bodies by conjoynd love,
 That not as two, but one of doubled force,
 Each is to other as a sure defence;
 The Nobleness and glory of the one,
 Sharpen the courage of the other's mind
 With virtuous envy to contend for praise:
 And such an equalness hath nature made,
 Between the Brethren of one Father's seed,
 As an unkindly wrong it seems to be,
 To throw the other Subject under feet
 Of him, whose Peer he is by course of kind:
 And nature that did make this equalness,
 Oft so repineth at so great a wrong,
 That oft she raiseth up a grudging grief
 In younger Brethren at the elder's state:
 Whereby both towns and kingdoms have been rased,
 And famous stocks of Royal blood destroyed:
 The Brother that should be the Brother's aid,
 And have a wakeful care for his defence,
 Gapes for his death, and blames the ling'ring years
 That bring not forth his end with faster course;
 And oft impatient of so long delays,
 With hateful slaughter he prevents the fates,
 And keeps a just reward for Brother's blood,
 With endless vengeance on his stock for aye.
 Such mischiefs here are wisely met withal;
 If equal state may nourish equal love,
 Where none hath cause to grudge at others good.
 But now the head to stoop beneath them both,

No kind, no reason, no good order bears ;
 And oft it hath been seen, that where Nature
 Hath been perverted in disordered wife,
 When Fathers cease to know that they should rule,
 And Children cease to knowe they should obey,
 And often our unkindly tendernefs,
 Is Mother of unkindly Stubbornefs ;
 I speak not this in envy or reproach,
 As if I grudg'd the glory of your sons,
 Whose honour I beseech the Gods t' encrease :
 Nor yet as if I thought there did remain
 So filthy Cankers in their noble breasts,
 Whom I esteem (which is their greatest praise)
 Undoubted children of so good a king ;
 Only I mean to shew by certain Rules,
 Which kind hath graft within the mind of man,
 That Nature hath her order and her course,
 Which (being broken) doth corrupt the state
 Of minds and things ev'n in the best of all.
 My Lords, your sons may learn to rule of you ;
 Your own example in your noble Court
 Is fittest Guider of their youthful years.
 If you desire to seek some present Joy
 By sight of their well ruling in your life,
 See them obey, so shall you see them rule :
 Whoso obeyeth not with humbleness,
 Will rule with fury and with insolence.
 Long may they rule I do beseech the Gods,
 Long may they learn ere they begin to rule.
 If kind and fates would suffer, I would wish
 Them aged Princes and immortal kings :
 Wherefore most noble king I well assent,
 Between your sons that you divide your Realme,
 And as in kind, so match them in degree :
 But while the Gods prolonge your Royal life,
 Prolong your reign, for thereto live you here ;
 And therefore have the Gods so long forbore

To joyn you to themselves, that still you might
 Be Prince and father of our common weal:
 They, when they see your children ripe to rule
 Will make them room, and will remove you hence,
 That yours in right ensuing of your life
 May rightly honour your immortal name.

EUBULUS.

Your wonted true regard of faithful hearts,
 Makes me (O King) the bolder to presume
 To speak what I conceive within my breast;
 Although the same do not agree at all
 With that which other here my Lords have said,
 Nor which your self have seemed best to like.
 Pardon I crave, and that my words be deem'd
 To flow from hearty zeal unto your Grace,
 And to the safety of your common weal.
 To part your Realm unto my Lords your sons,
 I think not good for you, nor yet for them,
 But worst of all, for this our Native Land:
 For with one Land, one single rule is best:
 Divided Reigns do make divided hearts,
 But Peace preserves the Country and the Prince.
 Such is in man the greedy mind to reign,
 So great is his desire to climb aloft,
 In worldly stage the stateliest parts to bear,
 That Faith and Justice and all kindly love
 Do yield unto desire of Sovereignty,
 Where equal state doth raise an equal hope
 To win the thing that either would attain.
 Your grace remembereth how in passed years,
 The mighty *Brute*, first Prince of all this Land,
 Possess'd the same and rul'd it well in one:
 He thinking that the compass did suffice
 For his three sons, three kingdoms eke to make,
 Cut it in three, as you would now in twain:

But

But how much British blood hath since been spilt,
To joyn again the sundred unity?

What Princes slain before their timely hour?

What wast of towns and people in the land?

What Treasons heap'd on murders and on spoils?

Whose just revenge even yet is scarcely ceased,

Rueful remembrance is yet had in mind;

The Gods forbid the like to chance again!

And you (O King) give not the cause thereof.

Ferrex my Lord your elder son, perhaps

Whom kind and custom gives a rightful hope

To be your Heir and to succeed your Reign,

Shall think that he doth suffer greater wrong

Than he perchance will bear, if power serve.

Porrex the younger so uprais'd in state,

Perhaps in courage will be rais'd also,

If Flattery then, which fails not to assail

The tender minds of yet unskilful Youth,

In one shall kindle and encrease Disdain,

And Envy in the other's heart enflame;

This fire shall waste their love, their lives, their land,

And rueful ruin shal destroy them both.

I wish not this (O King) so to befall,

But fear the thing, that I do most abhor.

Give no beginning to so dreadful end;

Keep them in order and obedience;

And let them both, by now obeying you,

Learn such behaviour as beseems their state;

The Elder, mildness in his governance,

The younger, a resign'd contentedness;

And keep them near unto your presence still,

That they restrained by the awe of you,

May live in compass of well tempered stay;

And pass the perils of their youthful years.

Your aged life draws on to feeble time,

Wherein you shall less able be to bear

The travails that in youth you have sustained,

Both

Both in your Person's and your Realm's defence.
 If planting now your sons in distant parts,
 You send them further from your present reach,
 Less shall you know how they themselves demean;
 Traiterous corrupters of their pliant youth,
 Shall have unsied a much more free access;
 And if ambition and inflam'd disdain
 Shall arm the one, the other, or them both,
 To civil war, or to usurping pride;
 Late shall you rue, what you ne'r reck'd before,
 Good is, I grant, of all to hope the best,
 But not to live still dreadful of the worst.
 So trust the one, that th'other be foreseen.
 Arm not unskilfulness with princely power,
 But you that long have wisely rul'd the reins
 Of royalty within your noble Realm
 So hold them, while the Gods for our avail
 Shall stretch the thred of your prolonged days.
 Too soon he climb'd, into the flaming Cart,
 Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire.
 Time and example of your noble Grace
 Shall teach your sons both to obey and rule:
 When time hath taught them, time shall make
 them pace
 The place that now is full: and so I pray
 Long it remain, to comfort of us all.

G O R B O D U C.

I take your faithful hearts in thankful part;
 But sithe I see no cause to draw my mind,
 To fear the nature of my loving sons;
 Or to misdeem that Envy or disdain,
 Can there work hate, where nature planteth love;
 In one self purpose do I still abide,
 My love extendeth equally to both,
 My Land sufficeth for them both also:

Humber

Humber shall part the Marches of their Realms :
 The Southern part the elder shall possess,
 The Northern shall *Porrex* the younger rule.
 In quiet I will pass my aged days,
 Free from the travail and the painful cares
 That hasten age upon the worthiest Kings.
 But lest the fraud that ye do seem to fear
 Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth,
 And wrie them to the ways of youthful lust,
 To climbing pride, or to revenging hate,
 Or to neglecting of their careful charge,
 Lewdly to live in wanton recklessness,
 Or to oppressing of the rightful cause,
 Or not to wreke the wrongs done to the poor,
 To tread down truth, or favour false deceit ;
 I mean to join to either of my sons
 Some one of those whose long approved faith
 And wisdom tried, may well assure my heart
 That mining fraud shall find no way to creep
 Into their senced ears with grave advise :
 This is the end, and so I pray you all
 To bear my sons the love and loyalty
 That I have found within your faithful breasts.

A R O S T U S.

You, nor your sons, our souereign Lord shall want
 Our faith and service while our lives do last.

C H O R U S.

“ When settled stay doth hold the royal throne,
 “ In stedfast place by known and doubtless right :
 “ And chiefly when descent on one alone
 “ Makes single and unparted reign to light.
 “ Each change of course unjoyns the whole estate,
 “ And yields it thrall to ruine by debate.

The

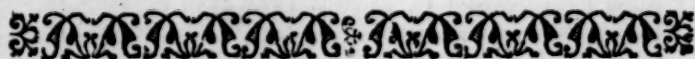
"The strength that knit by fast accord in one,
 "Against all foreign power of mighty foes,
 "Could of it self defend it self alone,
 "Disjoined once, the former force doth lose.
 "The sticks, that sondred break so soon in twain,
 "In faggot bound attempted were in vain.

"Oft tender mind that leads the partial eye
 "Of erring parents in their children's love,
 "Destroys the wrongful loved child thereby :
 "This doth the proud son of *Apollo* prove,
 "Who rashly set in Chariot of his fire :
 "Inflam'd the parched earth with heaven's fire.

"And this great King, that doth divide his land,
 "And change the course of his descending crown,
 "And yields the reign into his childrens hand ;
 "From blisful state of joy and great renown,
 "A Mirror shall become to Princes all,
 "To learn to shun the cause of such a fall.



ACT



A C T II. S C E N E I.

F E R R E X, H E R M O N, D O R D A N.

F E R R E X.

I Marvel much what reason led the king
 My father thus, without all my desert,
 To reve me half the kingdom, which by course
 Of law and nature should remain to me.

H E R M O N.

If you with stubborn and untamed pride
 Had stood against him in rebellious wise,
 Or if with grudging mind you had envied
 So slow a sliding of his aged years,
 Or sought before the time to haste the course
 Of fatal death upon his royal head,
 Or stain'd your stock with murder of your kin;
 Some face of reason might perhaps have seem'd
 To yield some likely cause to spoil ye thus.

F E R R E X.

The wrekeful Gods pour on my curfed head
 Eternal plagues and never dying woes,
 The Hellish Prince adjudge my damned ghost
 To *Tantalus* thirst, or proud *Ixion's* Wheel,

D

Or

Or cruel Gripe to gnaw my growing heart,
 To during Torments and unquenched Flames ;
 If ever I conceived so foul a thought,
 To wish his end of life, or yet of reign.

DORDAN.

Nor yet your father (O most noble Prince)
 Did ever think so foul a thing of you :
 For he with more than father's tender love
 While yet the fates do lend him life to rule,
 (Who long might live to see your ruling well)
 To you my Lord, and to his other Son,
 Lo, he resigns his Realm and Royalty,
 Which never would so wise a Prince have done
 If he had once misdeem'd that in your heart
 There ever lodged so unkind a thought.
 But tender love (my Lord) and settled trust
 Of your good nature, and your noble mind,
 Made him to place you thus on Royal Throne,
 And now to give you half his Realm to guide ;
 Yea, and that half which in abounding store
 Of things that serve to make a wealthy Realm,
 In stately Cities and in fruitful Soil,
 In temperate breathing of the milder Heaven,
 In things of needful use, which friendly Sea
 Transports by traffic from the foreign Ports,
 In flowing wealth, in honour and in force,
 Doth pass the double value of the part
 That *Porrex* hath allotted to his reign ;
 Such is your case, such is your Father's love.

FERREX.

Ah love, my friends, love wrongs not whom he
 loves.

DORDAN.

D O R D A N.

Nor yet he wrongeth you, that giveth you
 So large a reign ere that the course of time
 Bring you to kingdom by descended right,
 Which time perhaps might end your time before.

F E R R E X.

Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me
 My native right of half so great a realm,
 And thus to match his younger Son with me
 In equal Pow'r, and in as great Degree?
 Yea, and what Son? the Son whose swelling pride
 Would never yield one point of reverence,
 When I the Elder and apparent heir
 Stood in the likelihood to possess the whole:
 Yea, and that Son which from his childish age
 Envieth mine honour, and doth hate my life,
 What will he now do? when his pride, his rage,
 The mindful malice of his grudging heart
 Is arm'd with force, with wealth and kingly state?

H E R M O N.

Was this not wrong? Yea ill-advised wrong,
 To give so mad a man so sharp a sword,
 To so great peril of so great mishap,
 Wide open thus to set so large a way?

D O R D A N.

Alas my Lord, what grief-ful thing is this,
 That of your Brother you can think so ill?
 I never saw him utter likely sign
 Whereby a man might see or once misdeem

Such hate of you ; no such unyielding pride :
 Ill is their counsel, shameful be their end,
 That raising such mistrustful fear in you,
 Sowing the seed of such unkindly hate,
 Travel by treason to destroy you both.
 Wise is your brother and of noble hope,
 Worthy to wield a large and mighty Realm,
 So much a stronger friend have you thereby,
 Whose strength is yours, if you agree in one.

HERMON.

If Nature and the Gods had pinched so
 Their flowing bounty, and their noble gifts
 Of Princely qualities from you my Lord,
 And pour'd them all at once in wastful wise
 Upon your father's younger son alone ;
 Perhaps there be, that in your prejudice
 Would say that birth should yield to worthiness :
 But sithe in each good gift and Princely act
 Ye are his match, and in the chief of all
 In mildness and in sober governance
 Ye far surmount : And sithe there is in you
 Sufficient skill and hopeful towardness
 To wield the whole, and match your Elder's praise ;
 I see no cause why ye should lose the half,
 Nor would I wish you yield to such a loss ;
 Left your mild suffering of so great a wrong
 Be deemed cowardice and simple dread,
 Which shall give courage to the fiery head
 Of your young Brother to invade the whole.
 While yet therefore sticks in the peoples minds
 The loathed wrong of your disheritance ;
 And ere your Brother have by settled power,
 By guileful cloak of an alluring show,
 Got him some force and favour in this Realm ;
 And while the noble Queen your mother lives,

To work and practice all for your avail;
Attempt redress by Arms, and wreak your self
Upon his life that gaineth by your loss,
Who now to shame of you, and grief of us,
In your own kingdom triumphs over you.
Shew now your courage meet for kingly estate,
That they which have avow'd to spend their goods,
Their lands, their lives, and honours in your cause,
May be the bolder to maintain your part
When they do see that coward fear in you
Shall not betray nor sell their faithful hearts.
If once the death of *Porrex* end the strife,
And pay the price of his usurped reign,
Your Mother shall persuade the angry king,
The Lords your friends eke shall appease his rage;
For they be wise, and well they can foresee
That ere long time your aged father's death
Will bring a time when you shall well requite
Their friendly favour, or their hateful spite,
Yea, or their slackness to advance your cause.
Wise men do not so hang on passing state
Of present Princes, chiefly in their age,
But they will further cast their reaching eye
To view and weigh the times and reigns to come.
Nor is it likely, tho' the king be wrath,
That he yet will, or that the Realm will bear
Extreme revenge upon his only son:
Or if he wou'd, what one is he that dares
Be minister to such an enterprise?
And here you be now placed in your own,
Amid your friends, your vassals and your strength,
We shall defend and keep your Person safe;
Till either counsel turn his tender mind,
Or age, or sorrow end his weary days.
But if the fear of God's, and secret grudge
Of Nature's Law repining at the fact,
With-hold your courage from so great attempt,

Know

To

Know ye that lust of kingdoms hath no Law,
 The Gods do bear and well allow in Kings
 The things which they abhor in rascal routs.
 When Kings on slender quarrels run to wars,
 And then in cruel and unkindly wise,
 Command thefts, rapes, murder of Innocents,
 To spoil of towns, and reigns of mighty realms:
 Think you such Princes do suppose themselves
 Subject to Laws of kind and fear of Gods?
 Yet none offence, but deck'd with glorious name
 Of noble Conquests in the hands of Kings.
 Murders, and violent thefts in private men,
 Are heinous crimes and full of foul reproach.
 But if you like not yet so hot devise,
 Nor list to take such vantage of the time,
 But, though with greatest peril of your state,
 You will not be the first that shall invade;
 Assemble yet your force for your defence,
 And for your safety stand upon your guard.

DORDAN.

O heaven! was there ever heard or known
 So wicked Counsel to a noble Prince?
 Let me (my Lord) disclose unto your grace
 This heinous tale, what mischief it contains:
 Your father's death, your brother's, and your own,
 Your present murder, and eternal shame.
 Hear me (O King) and suffer not to sink
 So high a treason in your Princely breast.

FERREX.

The mighty Gods forbid that ever I
 Should once conceive such mischief in my heart.
 Altho' my Brother hath bereft my Realm
 And bear perhaps to me an hateful mind,

Shall

Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?
 Or shall I e'er destroy my father's life
 That gave me life? the Gods forbid, I say;
 Cease you to speak so any more to me.
 Nor you my friend with answer once repeat
 So foul a tale, in silence let it die.
 What Lord or Subject shall have hope at all
 That under me they safely shall enjoy
 Their goods, their honours, lands and liberties,
 With whom, neither one only Brother dear,
 Nor father dearer, could enjoy their lives?
 But sithe I fear my younger Brother's rage,
 And sithe perhaps some other man may give
 Some like advice, to move his grudging head
 At mine estate, which counsel may perchance
 Take greater force with him, than this with me,
 I will in secret so prepare my self,
 As, if his malice or his lust to reign
 Break forth with arms or sudden violence,
 May withstand his rage, and keep my own.

D O R D A N.

I fear the fatal time now draweth on
 When civil hate shall end the noble line
 Of famous *Brute*, and of his Royal seed;
 Great *Jove* defend the mischiefs now at hand!
 O that the Secretary's wise advice
 Had erst been heard, when he besought the King
 Not to divide his land, nor send his sons
 To further parts, from presence of his Court,
 Nor yet to yield to them his governance.
 Lo, such are they now in the Royal throne
 As was rash *Phaeton* in *Phæbus'* Car;
 Nor then the fiery steeds did draw the flame
 With wilder random through the kindled skies,
 Than traiterous counsel now will whirl about

The

The youthful heads of these unskilful Kings:
 But I hereof their father will inform,
 The reverence of him perhaps shall stay
 The growing mischiefs, while they yet are green;
 If this help not, then wo unto themselves,
 The Prince, the people, the divided land!

ACT II. SCENE II.

PORREX, TYNDAR, PHILANDER.

PORREX.

And is it thus? and doth he so prepare
 Against his Brother as his mortal foe?
 And now while yet his father lives? —
 Neither regards he him? nor fears he me?
 War would he have? and he shall have it so.

TYNDAR.

I saw my self the great prepared store
 Of Horse, of Armours, and of Weapons there:
 Nor bring I to my Lord reported tales,
 Without the ground of seen and searched truth.
 Lo, secret quarrels run about his Court
 To bring the name of you, my Lord, in hate.
 Each man almost can now debate the cause
 And ask a reason of so great a wrong,
 Why he so noble and so wise a Prince,
 Is, as unworthy, rest his Heritage?
 And why the King, misled by crafty means,
 Divided thus his land from course of right?
 The wiser sort hold down their grief-ful heads,
 Each man withdraws from talk and company
 Of those who have been known to favour you,

To hide the mischief of their meaning there
 Rumours are spread of your preparing here.
 The rascal numbers of the unskilful sort,
 Are fill'd with monstrous tales of you and yours.
 In secret I was counsell'd by my friends
 To haste me thence, and brought you, as you know,
 Letters from those that both can truly tell,
 And would not write unless they knew it well.

P H I L A N D E R.

My Lord, yet ere you now unkindly war,
 Send to your Brother to demand the cause.
 Perhaps some traiterous tales have fill'd his ears
 With false reports against your noble Grace,
 Which once disclos'd, shall end the growing strife;
 That else not stay'd with wise foresight in time,
 Shall hazard both your kingdoms and your lives;
 Send to your father also, he'll appease
 Your kindled minds, and rid you of this fear.

P O R R E X.

Rid me of fear? I fear him not at all:
 Nor will to him, nor to my father send.
 If danger were for one to tarry there,
 Think ye it safety to return again.
 In mischiefs, such as *Ferrex* now intends,
 The wonted courteous laws to messengers
 Are not observ'd, which in just war they use.
 Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
 Shall I betray my trusty friend to him,
 That hath disclos'd his treason unto me?
 Let him entreat that fears, I fear him not:
 Or shall I to the King my father send,
 Yea, and send now while such a mother lives
 That loves my brother and that hateth me?

F.

Shall

Shall I give leisure, by my fond delays,
 To *Ferrex* to oppress me unaware?
 I will not: but I will invade his realm,
 And seek the Traitor-Prince within his court.
 Mischief for mischief is a due reward.
 His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
 Of this his treason and his hate to me.
 Shall I avoid, entreat, and send, and pray,
 And hold my yielding throat t' a Traitor's knife,
 While I with valiant mind and conquering force
 Might rid my self of foes, and win a realm?
 Yea rather, when I have the Wretch's head,
 Then to the King my father will I send,
 The bootless case may yet appease his wrath:
 If not, I will defend me as I may.

PHILANDER.

Lo here the end of these two youthful Kings!
 The father's death! the ruin of their realms!
 O most unhappy state of Counsellors
 That light on so unhappy Lords and Times,
 That neither can their good advice be heard,
 Yet must they bear the blame of ill success.
 But I will to the King their father haste,
 Ere this mischief come to that likely end,
 That if the mindful wrath of wreakful Gods
 Since mighty *Ilion's* fall, not yet appeased
 With these poor remnants of the *Trojan* name,
 Have not determin'd by unmoved fate
 Out of this Realm to raze the *Brutish* Line;
 By good advice, by awe of father's name,
 By force of wiser Lords, this kindled hate
 May yet be quench'd, ere it consume us all.

CHORUS.



ACT III. SCENE I.

GORBODUC, EUBULUS, AROSTUS,
PHILANDER, NUNTIUS.

GORBODUC.

O Cruel fates, O mindful wrath of Gods,
Whose vengeance neither *Simois* stained streams
Flowing with blood of *Trojan* Princes slain,
Nor *Phrygian* fields made rank with Corpses dead
Of *Asian* Kings and Lords, can yet appease;
Nor slaughter of unhappy *Priam's* race,
Nor *Ilium's* fall made level with the soil,
Can yet suffice: but still continued rage
Pursues our lives, and from the farthest seas
Doth chace the issues of destroyed *Troy*.
Oh, no man happy till his end be seen.
If any flowing wealth and seeming joy
In present years might make a happy wight,
Happy was *Hecuba*, the wofull'st wretch
That ever liv'd to make a Mirror of;
And happy *Priam* with his noble sons,
And happy I till now. Alas, I see
And feel my most unhappy wretchedness.
Behold my Lords, read ye this Letter here;
Lo, it contains the ruin of our Realm,

If

If timely speed provide not hasty help:
 Yet (O ye Gods) if ever woful King
 Might move you King of Kings, wreke it on me
 And on my Sons, not on this guiltless Realm.
 Send down your wasting flames from wrathful skies,
 To reve me and my sons the hateful breath.
 Read, read my Lords, this is the matter why
 I call'd ye now to have your good advice.

*The Letter from Dordan the Counsellor of the
 Elder Prince.*

[Eubulus readeth the Letter.

“**M**Y Sovereign Lord, what I am loth to write
 “ But lothest am to see, that I am forced
 “ By Letters now to make you understand.
 “ *Ferrex*, my Lord your eldest Son, misled
 “ By Traitors, fram'd of young untemper'd wits,
 “ Assemblenth force against your younger Son;
 “ Nor can my Counsel yet withdraw the heat
 “ And furious pangs of his enflamed head.
 “ Disdain (saith he) of his inheritance,
 “ Arms him to wreke the great pretended wrong
 “ With civil sword upon his brother's life.
 “ If present help do not restrain this rage,
 “ This flame will waste your sons, your land, and you.

Your Majesty's faithful and most humble Subject

D O R D A N.

A R O S T U S.

O King, appease your grief and stay your plaint,
 Great is the matter and a woful case,
 But timely knowledge may bring timely help.
 Send for them both unto your presence here:
 The reverence of your honour, age, and state,

Your

Your grave advice, the awe of father's name,
 Shall quickly knit again this broken piece:
 And if in either of my Lords your Sons
 Be such untamed and unyielding pride
 As will not bend unto your noble Hestres.
 If *Ferrex* th' elder Son can bear no peere,
 If *Porrex* not content, aspires to more
 Than you him gave, above his native right;
 Join with the juster side, so shall you force
 Them to agree, and hold the Land in staye.

EUBULUS.

What meaneth this? Lo yonder comes in hast
Philander from my Lord your younger son.

GORBODUC.

The Gods send joyful news!

PHILANDER:

The mighty *Jove*
 Preserve your Majesty, O noble King.

GORBODUC.

Philander welcome: But how doth my Son?

PHILANDER.

Your Son, Sir, lives; and healthy I have left him.
 But yet (O King) this want of lustful health
 Could not be half so grief-ful to your Grace,
 As these most wretched tidings that I bring.

GOR-

G O R B O D U C.

O heavens yet more? no end of woes to me?

P H I L A N D E R.

Tyndar, O King, came lately from the Court
 Of *Ferrex*, to my Lord your younger son,
 And made report of great prepared store
 Of war, and saith that it is wholly meant
 Against *Porrex*, for high disdain that he
 Lives now a king, and equal in degree
 With him that claimeth to succeed the whole,
 As by due title of descending right.
 And *Porrex* now is set on flaming fire,
 Partly with kindled rage of cruel wrath,
 Partly with hope to gain a realm thereby,
 That he in haste prepareth to invade
 His brother's lands, and with unkindly war
 Threatens the murder of your elder son;
 Nor could I him persuade, that first he should
 Send to his brother to demand the cause;
 Nor yet to you, to stay his hateful strife.
 Wherefore, since there no more I can be heard,
 I come my self now to inform your Grace,
 And to beseech you, as you love the life
 And safety of your children and your realm,
 Now to employ your wisdom and your force,
 To stay this mischief ere it be too late.

G O R B O D U C.

Are they in Arms? would he not send for me?
 Is this the honour of a father's name?
 In vain we travel to assuage their minds:

As

As if their hearts, whom neither brother's love,
 Nor father's awe, nor kingdom's care can move,
 Our counsels could withdraw from raging heat.
Jove slay them both, and end the cursed line !
 For though perhaps, fear of such mighty force
 As I, my Lords, joined with your noble aids,
 May yet raise, shall repress their present heat ;
 The secret grudge and malice will remain,
 The fire not quench'd, but kept in close restraint,
 Fed still within, breaks forth with double flame :
 Their death and mine must 'pease the angry Gods.

PHILANDER.

Yield not, O king, so much to weak despair :
 Your sons yet live, and long I trust they shall.
 If fates had taken you from earthly life,
 Ere the beginning of this civil strife,
 Perhaps your sons in their unmaster'd youth,
 Loose from regard of any living wight,
 Would run on headlong with unbridled race,
 To their own death, and ruin of this realm.
 But sithe the Gods that have the care of kings,
 Of things and times, dispose the order so
 That in your life this kindled flame breaks forth,
 While yet your life, your wisdom, and your power
 May stay the growing mischief, and repress
 The fiery blaze of their inkindled heat :
 It seems, and so you ought to deem thereof,
 That loving *Jove* hath temper'd so the time
 Of this debate to happen in your days,
 That you yet living may the same appease,
 And add it to the glory of your age,
 And they your sons may learn to live in peace.
 Beware, O King, the greatest harm of all,
 Left by your wailful plaints your hastened death

Yield

Yield larger room unto their growing rage.
 Preserve your life, the only hope of stay :
 And if your highness herein list to use
 Wisdom or force, counsel or knightly aid,
 Lo, we our persons, pow'rs, and lives are yours :
 Use us till death ; O King, we are your own.

E U B U L U S.

Lo here the peril that was erst foreseen,
 When you, O King, did first divide your land,
 And yield your present reign unto your sons.
 But now, O noble Prince, now is no time
 To wail and plain, and waste your woful life,
 Now is the time for present good advice.
 Sorrow doth dark the judgment of the witty.
 The heart unbroken, and the courage free
 From feeble faintness of bootless despair,
 Doth either rise to safety or renown
 By noble valour of unvanquish'd mind ;
 Or yet doth perish in more happy sort.
 Your Grace may send to either of your sons,
 Some one both wise and noble personage,
 Which with good counsel, and with weighty name
 Of father, shall present before their eyes
 Your heft, your life, your safety and their own,
 The present mischief of their deadly strife :
 And in the while, assemble you the force
 Which your commandment, and the speedy haste
 Of all my Lords here present can prepare.
 The terror of your mighty pow'r shall stay
 The rage of both, or yet of one at least.

N U N T I U S.

The greatest grief that ever Prince did hear,
 That ever woful messenger did tell,

F

That

That ever wretched land hath seen before,
 I bring to you. *Porrex* your younger son,
 With sudden force, invaded hath the land
 That you to *Ferrex* did allot to rule;
 And with his own most bloody hand he hath
 His brother slain and doth possess his realm.

G O R B O D U C.

O heav'ns! send down the flames of your revenge,
 Destroy, I say, with flash of wrekeful fire,
 The Traitor-son, and then the wretched fire!
 But let us go, that yet perhaps I may
 Die with revenge, and 'pease the hateful gods.

C H O R U S.

“ The Lust of kingdoms knows no sacred faith,
 “ No rule of reason, no regard of right,
 “ No kindly love, nor fear of heaven's wrath:
 “ But with contempt of Gods, and man's de-
 spite,
 “ Through bloody slaughter doth prepare the ways
 “ To fatal scepter, and accursed reign:
 “ The Son so loaths the Father's lingering days,
 “ Nor dreads his hand in Brother's blood to stain.
 “ O wretched Prince, nor do'st thou yet record
 “ The yet fresh murders done within the land
 “ Of thy forefathers, when the cruel sword
 “ *Morgan* bereft of life with kindred hand?
 “ Thus fatal plagues pursue the guilty race,
 “ Whose murderous hand, imbru'd with guiltless
 blood,
 “ Asks vengeance dire before the heaven's face,
 “ With endless mischiefs on the cursed brood.

“ The

- “ The wicked child thus brings to woful fire
“ The mournful plaints to waste his weary life ;
“ Thus do the cruel flames of civil fire
“ Destroy the parted reign with hateful strife :
“ And hence doth spring the Well from which doth
 “ flow
“ The dead black streams of mournings, plaints,
 “ and woe.





ACT IV. SCENE I.

VIDEN *sola.*

VIDEN.

WHY should I live and linger forth my time
 In longer life, to double my distress?
 O me, most woful wight, whom no mishap,
 Long ere this day could have bereaved hence.
 Might not these hands by fortune or by fate,
 Have pierc'd this breast and life with iron rest?
 Or in this palace here, where I so long
 Have spent my days, could not that happy hour
 Once, once have hapt, in which these huge-fram'd roofs
 With death by fall might have oppress'd me?
 Or should not this most hard and cruel soil,
 So oft where I have press'd my wretched steps,
 Sometime had ruthe of mine accursed life,
 To rend in twain and swallow me therein?
 So had my bones possess'd now in peace
 Their happy grave within the closed ground,
 And greedy worms had gnawn this pined heart,
 Without my feeling pain: So should not now
 This living breast remain the ruthful tomb
 Wherein my heart yielding to death is grav'd:
 And driery thoughts with pangs of pining grief,
 My doleful mind had not afflicted thus.

O my beloved son! O my sweet child!
Ferrex! my dear, my joy, my lifes delight!
 Is my beloved son, is my sweet child,
Ferrex, my dear, my joy, my lifes delight
 Murder'd with cruel death? O hateful wretch:
 O heinous traitor both to heaven and earth!
 Thou *Porrex*, thou this damned deed has wrought;
 Thou *Porrex*, thou shalt dearly bye the same:
 Traitor to kin and kind, to fire and me;
 To thine own flesh, and traitor to thy self:
 The Gods on thee in hell shall wreke their wrath,
 And here in earth this hand shall take revenge
Porrex on thee, thou false and caytif wight:
 If after blood so eager were thy thirst,
 And murd'rous mind had so possessed thee;
 If such hard heart of rock and stony flint
 Liv'd in thy breast, that nothing else could like
 Thy cruel tyrant's thought but death and blood;
 Of savage beasts might not the slaughter serve
 To feed thy greedy will, and in the midst
 Of their entrails to stain thy deadly hands
 With blood deserv'd, and drink thereof thy fill?
 Or if nought else but death and blood of man
 Mought please thy lust, could none in *Britain* land
 Whose heart be torn out of his loving breast
 With thine own hand, or work what death thou
 Suffice to make a sacrifice t' appease (would'st
 That deadly mind and murderous thought in thee?
 But he who in the self-same womb was wrapp'd
 Where thou in dismal hour receivedst life?
 Or if needs, needs thy hand must slaughter make,
 O might'st thou not have reach'd a mortal wound,
 And with thy sword have pierc'd this cursed womb
 That thee accursed *Porrex* brought to light,
 And given me a just reward therefore?
 So *Ferrex*, his sweet life mought have enjoyed,
 And to his aged father comfort brought,

With

With some young son in whom they both might live.
 But whereunto waste I this ruthful speech?
 To thee that hast thy brother's blood thus shed.
 Shall I still think that from this womb thou sprung?
 That I thee bare? or take thee for my son?
 No Traitor, no: I thee refuse for mine:
 Murderer, I thee renounce; thou art not mine.
 Never, O wretch, this womb conceived thee,
 Nor never bore I painful throws for thee.
 Changeling to me thou art, and not my child,
 Nor to no wight that spark of pity knew;
 Ruthelss, unkind, monster of nature's work.
 Thou never suck'd the milk of woman's breast,
 But from thy birth the cruel Tiger's teats
 Have nursed thee, nor yet of flesh and blood
 Form'd is thy heart, but of hard iron wrought:
 And wild and desert woods bred thee to life.
 But can'st thou hope to 'scape my just revenge?
 Or that these hands will not be wrooke on thee?
 Do'st thou not know that *Ferrex* mother lives,
 That loved him more dearly than her self?
 And doth she live, and is not venged on thee!

ACT IV. SCENE II.

GORBODUC, AROSTUS, EUBULUS,
 PORREX, MARCELLA.

GORBODUC.

We marvel much whereto this ling'ring stay
 Falls out so long: *Porrex* unto our court,
 By order of our letters is returned;
 And *Eubulus* receiv'd from us by hest
 At his arrival here, to give him charge
 Before our presence straight to make repair,

And

And yet we have no word whereof he stays.

A R O S T U S.

Lo here he comes, and *Eubulus* with him.

E U B U L U S.

According to your highness' hest to me,
Here have I *Porrex* brought, even in such sort
As from his wearied horse he did alight,
For that your Grace did will such haste therein.

G O R B O D U C.

We like and praise this speedy will in you,
To work the thing that to your charge we gave.
Porrex, if we so far should swerve from kind,
And from those bounds which laws of nature sets,
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deed,
In cruel murder of thy brother's life;
Our present hand could stay no longer time;
But straight should bathe this blade in blood of thee,
As just revenge of thy detested crime.
No: we should not offend the law of kind,
If now this sword of ours did slay thee here:
For thou hast murder'd him, whose heinous death
Even nature's force doth move us to revenge
By blood again. But justice forceth us
To measure death for death, thy due desert;
Yet since thou art our child, and since as yet
In this hard case what word thou canst alledge
For thy defence, by us hath not been heard;
We are content to stay our will for that
Which justice bids us presently to work;
And give thee leave to use thy speech at full,
If ought thou have to say for thine excuse.

P O R -

PORREX.

Neither, O King, I can or will deny,
 But that this hand from *Ferrex* life hath rest :
 Which fact how much my doleful heart doth wail !
 Oh ! would it might as full appear to fight
 As inward grief doth pour it forth to me.
 So yet perhaps, if ever ruthful heart
 Melting in tears within a manly breast,
 Through deep repentance of his bloody fact ;
 If ever grief, if ever woful man
 Might move regret with sorrow of his fault ;
 I think the torment of my mournful case
 Known to your Grace, as I do feel the same,
 Would force even wrath her self to pity me.
 But as the water troubled with the mud,
 Shews not the face which else the eye should see,
 Even so your ireful mind with stirred thought
 Cannot so perfectly discern my cause.
 But this unhappy, mong so many heaps
 I must content me with, most wretched man,
 That to my self I must refer my woe,
 In pining thoughts of mine accursed fact.
 Since I may not shew here my smallest grief,
 Such as it is, and as my breast endures,
 Which I esteem the greatest misery
 Of all mishaps that fortune now can send.
 Not that I rest in hope that plaints and tears
 Should purchase life ; for to the Gods I clepe
 For true record of this my faithful speech ;
 Never this heart shall have the thoughtful dread
 To die the death that by your Grace's doom,
 By just desert, shall be pronounc'd to me :
 Nor never shall this tongue once spend this speech
 Pardon to crave, or seek by suit to live.
 I mean not this, as though I were not touch'd

With

I mean not this as though I were not touch'd
 With care of dreadful death, or that I held
 Life in contempt: but that I know, the mind
 Stoops to no dread, altho' the flesh be frail.
 And for my guilt, I yield the same so great,
 As in my self I find a fear to sue
 For grant of life.

G O R B O D U C.

In vain, O wretch, thou shewest
 A woful heart; *Ferrex* now lies in grave,
 Slain by thy hand.

P O R R E X.

Yet this, O father, hear,
 And then I end. Your Majesty well knows,
 That when my brother *Ferrex* and my self
 By your own hest were joined in governaunce
 Of this your Grace's realm of *Britain* land,
 I never fought nor travail'd for the same;
 Nor by my self, nor by no friend I wrought,
 But from your Highness' will alone it sprung,
 Of your most gracious goodness bent to me.
 But how my brother's heart ev'n then repin'd
 With swol'n disdain against mine equal rule,
 Seeing that realm which by descent should grow
 Wholly to him, allotted half to me:
 Ev'n in your Highness' court he now remains,
 (And with my brother then in nearest place,)
 Who can record what proof thereof was shewn,
 And how my brother's envious heart appear'd.
 Yet I that judg'd it my part to seek
 His favour and good-will, and loth to make
 Your Highness know the thing which should have
 brought

With

G

Grief

Grief to your Grace, and your offence to him,
 Hoping my earnest suit should soon have won
 A loving heart within a brother's breast,
 Wrought in that sort, that for a pledge of love
 And faithful heart he gave to me his hand.
 This made me think that he had banish'd quite
 All rancour from his thought, and bare to me
 Such hearty love, as I did owe to him.
 But after once we left your Grace's court,
 And from your Highness presence liv'd apart,
 This equal rule still, still, did grudge him so,
 That now those envious sparks which erst lay rak'd
 In living cinders of dissembling breast,
 Kindled so far within his hearts disdain,
 That longer could he not refrain from proof
 Of secret practice to deprive my life
 By poyson's force; and had bereft me so,
 If my own servant, hired to this fact,
 And mov'd by truth with hate to work the same,
 In time had not bewray'd it unto me.
 When thus I saw the knot of love unknit,
 All honest league and faithful promise broke,
 The law of kind and troth thus rent in twain,
 His heart on mischief set, and in his breast
 Black treason hid; then, then did I despair
 That ever time could win him friend to me;
 Then saw I how he smil'd with slaying knife
 Wrapp'd under cloak; then saw I deep deceit
 Lurk in his face, and death prepared me:
 Even Nature mov'd me then to hold my life
 More dear, to me than his, and bad this hand,
 (Since by his life my death must needs ensue
 And by his death my life must be preserved)
 To shed his blood, and seek my safety so;
 And wisdom willed me, without protracte,
 In speedy wise to put the same in ure.
 Thus have I told the cause that moved me

To work my brother's death, and so I yield
My life, my death, to judgment of your Grace.

G O R B O D U C.

Oh cruel wight, should any cause prevail
To make thee stain thy hands with brother's blood?
But what of thee we will resolve to do
Shall yet remain unknown: thou in the mean
Shalt from our royal presence banish'd be,
Until our princely pleasure further shall
To thee be shewed; depart therefore our sight,
Accursed child. What cruel destiny!
What froward fate hath forced us this chance,
That even in those where we should comfort find,
Where our delight now in our aged days
Should rest and be, even there our only grief
And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grave?

A R O S T U S.

Your Grace should now, in these grave years of
Have found ere this, the price of mortal joys; (yours,
How short they be; how fading here in earth;
How full of change; how brittle our estate;
Of nothing sure, save only of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last; neither shall Nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke essays
The armed breast where force doth light in vain.

G O R B O D U C.

To Many can yield right grave and sage advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapp'd in woe;
G 2 And

And can in speech both rule and conquer kind ;
 Who if by proof, they might feel nature's force,
 Would shew themselves men as they are indeed,
 Which now will needs be gods — but what doth mean
 The sorry cheare of her that here doth come ?

MARCELLA.

Oh where is ruthe ? or where is pity now ?
 Whether is gentle heart and meroꝝ fled ?
 Are they exil'd out of our stony breasts,
 Never to make return ? Is all the world
 Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty ?
 If not in women mercy may be found,
 If not alas, within the mother's breast,
 To her own child, to her own flesh and blood ;
 If ruthe be banish'd thence ; if pity there
 May have no place ; if there no gentle heart
 Doth live and dwell, where should we seek it then ?

GORBODUC.

Madam, alas, what means your woful tale ?

MARCELLA.

O silly woman I ; why to this hour
 Have kind and fortune thus deferr'd my breath ?
 That I should live to see this doleful day !
 Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
 Could rest within the cruel mother's breast ?
 With her own hand to slay her only son ?
 But out, alas, these eyes beheld the same :
 They saw the driery sight, and are become
 Most rutheful records of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas, is by his mother slain,
 And with her hand, a woful thing to tell,

While

While slumbering on his careful bed he rests,
His heart stab'd in with knife is rest of life.

G O R B O D U C.

O *Eubulus*, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pierce this heart with speed! O hateful light,
O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death,
Dear *Eubulus*, work this we thee beseech.

E U B U L U S.

Patient your Grace, perhaps he liveth yet,
With wound receiv'd, but not of certain death.

G O R B O D U C.

O let us then repair unto the place,
And see if that *Porrex*, or thus be slain.

M A R C E L L A.

Alas he liveth not! it is too true,
That with these eyes, of him a peereless Prince,
Son to a King, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twink a senseless stock I saw.

A R O S T U S.

O damned deed.

M A R C E L L A

But hear this ruthful end.
The noble Prince, pierc'd with the sudden wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,
Whose strength now failing, streight he overthrew,
When

When in the fall, his eyes even new unclos'd
 Beheld the Queen, and cry'd to her for help.
 We then, alas, the Ladies which that time
 Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed,
 And hearing him oft call the wretched name
 Of Mother, and to cry to her for aid
 Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,
 Pitying (alas, for nought else could we do)
 His rutheful end, ran to the woful bed,
 Despoiled streight his breast, and all we might,
 Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand
 The sudden streams of blood that flushed fast
 Out of the gaping wound : O what a look !
 O what a rutheful, stedfast eye, methought
 He fix'd upon my face, which to my death
 Will never part from me ! where with a broad
 A deep-fetch'd sigh he gave, and therewithal
 Clasping his hands, to heav'n he cast his sight,
 And straight pale death pressing within his face,
 The flying ghost his mortal corps forsook.

AROSTUS.

Never did age bring forth so vile a fact !

MARCELLUS.

O hard and cruel hap, that thus assigned
 Unto so worthy wight so wretched end :
 But most hard cruel heart, that could consent
 To lend the hateful destinies that hand,
 By which, alas, so heinous crime was wrought !
 O Queen of Adamant ; O marble breast !
 If not the favour of his comely face,
 If not his Princely chere and countenance,
 His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
 If not his fair and seemly personage,

His

His noble limbs in such proportion cast,
As would have wrapp'd a silly womans thought :
If this might not have mov'd the bloody heart,
And that most cruel hand, the wretched weapon
Ev'n to let fall, and kiss'd him in the face,
With tears for ruthe to reave such one by death:
Should nature yet consent to slay her son,
O mother, thou to murder thus thy child?
Ev'n *Jove* with justice must with light'ning flames
From heaven, send down some strange revenge on
Ah noble Prince, how oft have I beheld (thee.
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
Shining in armor bright before the Tilt,
And with thy mistress' sleeve ty'd on thy helm
There charge thy staff, to please thy Lady's eye,
That bow'd the head-piece of thy friendly foe?
How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace?
How oft in arms on foot to break the sword?
Which never now these eyes may see again.

A R O S T U S.

Madam, alas, in vain these plaints are shed,
Rather with me depart, and help assuage
The thoughtful griefs that in the aged King
Must needs by nature grow by death of this
His only son, whom he did hold so dear.

M A R C E L L A.

What wight is that which saw what I did see,
And could refrain to waile with plaint and tears?
Not I, alas! that heart is not in me.
But let us go, for I am griev'd enough,
To call to mind the wretched father's woe.

C H O R U S.

CHORUS.

"When greedy Lust in royal seat to reign,
 "Hath reft all care of gods and eke of men,
 "And cruel heart, wrath, treason and disdaine,
 "Within th' ambitious breast are lodged then;
 "Behold how mischief wide herself displays,
 "And with the brother's hand the brother slays.

"When blood thus shed doth stain this heaven's
 "Crying to *Jove* for vengeance of the deed, (face
 "The mighty God ev'n moveth from his place
 "With wrath to wreke; then sends he forth with
 "The dreadful Furies, daughters of the night, (speed
 "With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,
 "With hair of stinging snakes, and shining bright
 "With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire:
 "These for revenge of wretched murder done,
 "Do make the mother kill her only son.

"Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite:
 "*Jove* by his just and everlasting doom,
 "Justly hath ever so required it;
 "These times before record, and times to come
 "Shall find it true, and so doth present proof
 "Present before our eyes for our behoof.

"O happy wight, that suffers not the snare
 "Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood;
 "And happy he, that can in time beware
 "By others harms, and turn it to his good:
 "But wo to him, that fearing not t' offend,
 "Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

CLOTYN, MANDUD, GWENARD,
FERGUS, EUBULUS.

CLOTYN.

DID ever age bring forth such tyrants hearts?
The brother hath bereft the brother's life;
The mother she hath dy'd her cruel hands
In blood of her own son, and now at last
The people lo, forgetting truth and love,
Contemning quite both law and loyal heart,
Ev'n they have slain their sovereign Lord, and Queen.

MANDUD.

Shall this their traiterous crime unpunish'd rest?
Ev'n yet they cease not, carry'd out with rage,
In their rebellious routs, to threaten still
A new bloodshed unto the Prince's kin.
To slay them all, and to uproot the race
Both of the King and Queen; so are they mov'd
With *Porrex* death, wherein they falsely charge
The guiltless King without desert at all,
And trait'rously have murdered him therefore,
And eke the Queen.

H

GWE-

G W E N A R D.

Shall subjects dare with force
 To work revenge upon their Prince's fact?
 Admit the worst that may : as sure in this
 The deed was foul, the Queen to slay her son ;
 Shall yet the subject seek to take the sword,
 Arise against his Lord, and slay his King ?
 O wretched state, where those rebellious hearts
 Are not rent out ev'n from their living breasts,
 And with the body thrown unto the fowls
 As carrion food, for terror of the rest.

F E R G U S.

There can no punishment be thought too great
 For this so grievous crime : let speed therefore
 Be us'd therein, for it behoveth so.

E U B U L U S.

Ye all, my Lords, I see consent in one,
 And I as one consent with ye in all.
 I hold it more than need, with sharpest law
 To punish this tumultuous bloody rage,
 For nothing more may shake the common State
 Than sufferance of uproars without redress ;
 Whereby how oft, kingdoms of mighty power,
 After great conquests made, and flourishing
 In fame and wealth, have been to ruin brought !
 I pray to *Jove* that we may rather wail
 Such hap in them, than witness in our selves.
 And fully with the Duke my mind agrees,
 That no cause serves, whereby the subject may
 Call to account the doings of his Prince,
 Much less in blood by sword to work revenge,

No

No more than may the hand cut off the head.
In act nor speech, no not in secret thought
The subject may rebell against his Lord,
Or judge of him that sits in *Cæsar's* seat,
With grudging mind to damn those he mislikes.
Tho' Kings forget to govern as they ought,
Yet subjects must obey as they are bound.
But now, my Lords, before ye farther wade
Or spend your speech, what sharp revenge shall fall
By justice plague on these rebellious wights;
Methinks ye rather should first search the way
By which in time, the rage of this uproar
Might be repress'd, and these great tumults cease.
Even yet the life of *Britain* land doth hang
In traiterous ballance of vengeful weight;
Think not, my Lords, the death of *Gorboduc*,
Nor yet *Widena's* blood will cease their rage.
Even our own lives, our wives and children dear,
Our country, dear'st of all, in danger stands
Now to be spoil'd; now, now made desolate,
And by our selves, a conquest to ensue.
For, give once sway unto the peoples lusts,
To rush forth on, and stay them not in time;
And as the stream that rolleth down the hill,
So will they headlong run with raging thoughts,
From blood to blood, from mischief unto more;
To ruin of the realm, themselves and all.
So giddy are the common peoples minds,
So glad of change, more wavering than the sea.
You see, my Lords, what strength these rebels have;
What greater numbers are assembled still.
For tho' the traiterous fact for which they rose
Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field;
So that how far their furies yet will stretch,
Great cause we have to dread; that we may seek
By present battle to repress their power,
Speed must we use to levy force therefore;

For either they forthwith will mischief work,
Or their rebellious roars forthwith will cease.
These violent things may have no lasting long,
Let us therefore use this for present help:
Persuade by gentle speech, and offer grace,
With gift of pardon, save unto the chief;
And that upon condition that forthwith
They yeild the captains of their enterprife
To bear such guerdon of their traiterous fact,
As may be both due vengeance to themselves,
And wholsome terror to posterity.
This shall I think: Flatter the greatest part
That now are holden with desire of home,
Wearied in field with cold of winters nights;
And some, no doubt, striken with dread of law,
When this is once proclaimed, it shall make
The captains to mistrust the multitude,
Whose safety bids them to betray their heads;
And so much more, because the rascal routs,
In things of great and perillous attempts,
Are never trusty to the noble race:
And while we treat and scan on terms of grace,
We shall both stay their furious rage the while,
And more, gain time, whose only help sufficeth
Oft without war, to vanquish rebels power.
In the mean while, make you in readines
Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare:
Horsemen, you know, are not the Commons strength,
But are the force and store of Noble men,
Whereby th' unchosen and unarmed sort
Of skilless rebels, whom no other power
But numbers, makes to be of dreadful force,
With sudden brunt may quickly be oppress'd.
And if this gentle mien of proffer'd grace,
With stubborn hearts cannot so far avail
As to assuage their desp'rate courages,
Then I do wish such slaughter to be made,

As

As present age and eke posterity
 May read with horror and revenge for ever,
 What justly then shall on these rebels fall;
 This is, my Lords, the sum of my advice.

C L O T Y N.

Neither this case admits debate at large :
 And though it did, this speech that hath been said
 Hath well abridg'd the tale I would have told.
 Fully with *Eubulus* do I consent
 In all that he hath said : and if the same
 To you my Lords, may seem for best advise,
 I wish that it should straight be put in ure.

M A N D U D.

My Lords, then let us presently depart,
 And follow this that liketh us so well.

F E R G U S.

If ever time to gain a kingdom here
 Were offered man, now it is offer'd me.
 The Realm is rest both of their King and Queen ;
 The off-spring of the Prince is slain and dead ;
 No issue now remains ; the heir unknown ;
 The people are in arms and mutinies ;
 The Nobles they are busied how to cease
 These great rebellious tumults and uproars ;
 And *Britain* land now desert left alone,
 Amid these broils uncertain where to rest,
 Offers herself unto that noble heart
 That will or dare pursue to bear her crown.
 Shall I, that am the Duke of *Albany*,
 Descended from that line of noble blood,
 Which hath so long flourish'd in worthy fame

Of

Of valiant hearts, such as in noble breasts
 Of right should rest above the baser sort,
 Refuse to venture life to win a Crown?
 Whom shall I find a foe that will withstand
 My fact herein? if I attempt by arms
 To seek the same now in these times of broil?
 These Nobles power can hardly well appease
 The people that already are in arms:
 But if perhaps my force be once in field,
 Is not my strength in pow'r above the best
 Of all these Lords now left in *Britain's* land?
 And tho' they should match me with power of men,
 Yet doubtful is the chance of battles join'd;
 If victors of the field we may depart,
 Ours is the Scepter of *Great Britain* then:
 If slain amid the plain this body be,
 Mine enemies shall not deny me this,
 But that I died giving the noble charge,
 To hazard life for conquest of a Crown.
 Forthwith therefore will I in post depart
 To *Albany*, and raise in armour there
 All pow'r I can: and here my secret friends
 By secret practise shall solicit still,
 To seek to win to me the peoples hearts.

ACT V. SCENE II.

EUBULUS, CLOTYN, MANDUD, GWENARD,
 AROSTUS, NUNTIVS.

EUBULUS.

O *Jove*, how are these peoples hearts abus'd?
 And what blind fury, headlong carries them?
 That tho' so many books, so many rolls
 Of ancient time, record what grievous plagues

Light

Light on these rebels ; aye, and tho' so oft
Their ears have heard their aged fathers tell,
What just reward these traitors still receive ;
Yea, tho' themselves have seen deep death and blood,
By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword
To such assign'd, yet can they not beware ;
Yet can they not stay their rebellious hands :
But suffering to foul treason to distain
Their wretched minds, forget their royal heart,
Reject all truth, and rise against their Prince.
A ruthless case, that those whom duty bound,
Whom grafted law by nature, truth, and faith,
Bound to preserve their Country and their King,
Born to defend their Common-wealth and Prince ;
Ev'n they should give consent thus to subvert
The *British* land, and from the womb should bring
(O native soil) those that will needs destroy
And ruin thee, and eke themselves in fine.
For lo, when once the Duke had offer'd grace
Of pardon sweet (the multitude misled
By traiterous fraud of their ungracious heads)
One sort that saw the dangerous success
Of stubborn standing in rebellious war,
And knew the difference of Prince's power
From headless number of tumultuous routs,
Whom common country's care and private fear
Taught to repent the terror of their rage,
Laid hands upon the captains of their band,
And brought them bound unto the mighty Duke.
Another sort, not trusting yet so well
The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more
Their own offence, than that they could conceive
Such hope of pardon for so foul misdeed ;
Or for that they their Captains could not yield,
(Who fearing to be yielded, fled before,)
Stole home by silence of the secret night.
The third unhappy and enraged sort

Of

Of desp'rate hearts, who stain'd in Prince's blood,
From traiterous fury could not be withdrawn
By love, by law, by grace, nor yet by fear,
By proffer'd life, nor yet by threaten'd death;
With minds hopeless of life, dreadful of death,
Careless of country, awless ev'n of God,
Stood bent to fight as Furies did them move,
With violent death to close their traiterous life.
These all by power of horsemen were oppress'd,
And with revenging sword slain in the field;
Or with the strangling cord hang'd on the trees;
Where yet the Carrion-cases do reproach,
The fruits that rebels reap of their uproars,
And of the murder of their sacred Prince.
But lo, where do approach the noble Dukes,
By whom these tumults have been thus appeas'd.

CLOTYN.

I think the world will now at length beware,
And fear to put on arms against their Prince.

MANDUD.

If not; those traiterous hearts that dare rebell,
Let them behold the wide and hugy fields
With blood and bodies spread of rebels slain,
The lusty trees clothed with corpses dead,
That strangled with the cord do hang therein.

AROSTUS.

A just reward; such as all times before
Have ever 'lotted to those wretched folks.

GWENARD

G W E N A R D.

But what means, he that cometh here so fast?

N U N T I U S.

My Lords, as duty and my troth doth move,
And of my country work and care in me,
That if the spending of my breath avail
To do the service that my heart desires,
I would not shun t' imbrace a present death ;
So have I now in that wherein I thought
My travel might perform some good effect,
Ventur'd my life to bring these tydings here.
Fergus the mighty Duke of *Albany*,
Is now in arms, and lodgeth in the field
With twenty thousand men ; hither he bends
His speedy march, and minds t' invade the Crown ;
Daily he gathers strength, and spreads abroad,
That to this Realm no certain heir remains,
That *Britain* land is left without a guide,
That he the scepter seeks for nothing else
But to preserve the people and the land,
Which now remain as ship without a stern ;
Lo, this is that which I have hereto said.

C L O T Y N.

Is this his faith? and shall he falsely thus
Abuse the vantage of unhappy times?
O wretched land ; if his outrageous pride,
His cruel and untemper'd wilfulness,
His deep dissembling shews of false pretence,
Should once attain the Crown of *Britain* land ;
Let us, my Lords, with timely force resist
The new attempt of this our common foe,

As we would quench the flames of common fire.

M A N D U D.

Tho' we remain without a certain Prince
To wield the Realm, or guide the wandring rule ;
Yet now the common mother of us all,
Our native land, our country that contains
Our wives, our children, kindred, selves, and all
That ever is or may be dear to man,
Cries unto us to help ourselves and her.
Let us advance our powers to repress
This growing foe of all our liberties.

G W E N A R D.

Yea, let us so my Lords with hasty speed.
And ye, O Gods! send us the welcome death
To shed our blood in field, and leave us not
In lonesome life to linger out our lives,
To see the huge heaps of these unhaps
That now roll down upon the wretched land,
Where empty place of princely governance
(No certain stay now left of doubtless heir)
Thus leaves this guideless Realm, in open prey
To endless storms and waste of civil war.

A R O S T U S.

That ye, my Lords, do so agree in one,
To save your Country from the violent reign
And wrongfully usurped tyranny
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
To save your realm, and in this realm your selves
From foreign thralldom of so proud a Prince,
Much do I praise ; and I beseech the Gods,
With happy honour to requite it you.

But

But O, my Lords, since now the heaven's wrath
Hath rest this land the issue of their Prince;
Since of the body of our Sovereign Lord
Remains no more; since the young Kings be slain,
And of the title o'th' descended Crown
Uncertainly the divers minds do think
Even of the learned sort; and more uncertainly
Will partial fancy and affection deem;
But most uncertainly will climbing pride,
And hope of reign, withdraw from sundry parts
The doubtful right and hopeful lust to reign.
When once this noble service is atchieved
For *Britain* land, the mother of ye all;
When once ye have with armed force repress'd
The proud attempts of this *Albanian* Prince,
That threatens thralldom to your native land;
When ye shall vanquishers return from field,
And find the princely state an open prey
To greedy lust, and to usurping power:
Then, then my Lords, if ever kindly care
Of ancient honour of your ancestors,
Of present wealth and nobles of your stocks,
Yea, of the lives and safety yet to come
Of your dear wives, your children, and your selves,
Might move your noble hearts with gentle ruthe;
Then, then have pity on the torn estate;
Then help to salve the well-near hopeles fore;
Which ye shall do, if ye your selves with-hold
The slaying knife from your own mother's throat.
Her shall you save, and you and yours in her,
If ye shall all with one assent forbear
Once to lay hand, or take unto your selves
The Crown, by colour of pretended Right,
Or by what other means soe'er it be,
Till first by common-council of you all
In Parliament, the Regal Diadem
Be set in certain place of governance:

In which your Parliament, and in your choice,
 Prefer the Right, my Lords, without respect
 Of strength of friends, or whatsoever cause
 That may set forward any other's part ;
 For Right will last, and Wrong can not endure :
 Right, mean I his or hers, upon whose name
 The people rest by mean of native line,
 Or by the vertue of some former law
 Already made, their title to advance ;
 Such one, my Lords, let be your chosen King ;
 Such one so born within your native land ;
 Such one prefer ; and in no wise admit
 The heavy yoke of Foreign governance.
 Let foreign titles yield to publick weal,
 And with that heart wherewith ye now prepare
 Thus to withstand the proud invading foe,
 With that same heart, my Lords, keep out also
 Th'unnatural thraldom of a strangers reign,
 Nor suffer you, against the rules of kind,
 Your mother land to serve a foreign Prince.

EUBULUS.

Lo, here the end of *Brutus'* royal line,
 And lo the entry to the woful rack
 And bitter ruin of this noble Realm.
 The royal King, and both his sons are slain ;
 No Ruler rests within the Regal Seat ;
 The Heir to whom the Scepter longs unknown ;
 So to each force of foreign Prince's power,
 Whom vantage of your wretched state may tempt
 By sudden arms to gain so rich a Realm ;
 And to the proud and greedy mind at home,
 Whom blinded lust to reign leads to aspire.
 Lo *Britain* Realm is left an open prey !
 A present spoil by conquest to ensue.
 Who sees not now how many rising minds

Do

Do feed their thoughts with hopes to reach a Realm?
And who will not by force attempt to win
So great a gain that hope persuades to have?
A simple colour shall for title serve.
Who wins the Royal Crown shall want no right;
Nor such as shall display by long descent,
A lineal race to prove himself a King.
In the mean while these civil arms shall rage,
And thus a thousand mischiefs shall unfold,
And far and near spread thee, O *Britain* land!
“ All right and law shall cease ; and he that had
“ Nothing to day, to morrow shall enjoy
“ Great heaps of good ; and he that flow’d in wealth,
“ Lo, he shall be bereft of life and all ;
“ And happiest he that then possesseth least.
“ The wives shall suffer rape, the maids deflower’d
“ And children fatherless shall weep and wail ;
“ With fire and sword thy native folk shall perish :
“ One kinsman shall bereave another’s life ;
“ The father shall unwitting slay the son ;
“ The son shall slay the sire and know it not.
“ Women and maids the cruel soldiers swords
“ Shall pierce to death, and silly children lo,
“ That playing in the streets and fields are found,
“ By violent hand shall close their latter day.
“ Whom shall the fierce and bloody soldier
“ Reserve to life ? whom shall he spare from death ?
“ Ev’n thou, O wretched mother, half alive,
“ Thou shalt behold thy dear and only child
“ Slain with the sword, while he yet sucks thy breast.
“ Lo, guiltless blood shall thus each where be shed ;
“ Thus shall the wasted soils yield forth no fruit,
“ But dearth and famine shall possess the land.
“ The towns shall be consum’d and burnt with fire ;
“ The peopled cities shall wear desolate ;
“ And thou, O *Britain*, whilom in renown,
“ Whilom in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torn,
“ Dis.

" Dismember'd thus, and thus be rent in twain ;
 " Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed :
 " These be the fruits your civil wars will bring.
 " Hereto it comes, when Kings will not consent
 " To grave advice, but follow wilful will.
 " This is the end, when in young Prince's hearts
 " Flattery prevails, and sage rede hath no place.
 " These are the plagues, when murder is the means
 " To make new heirs unto the Royal Crown.
 " Thus wreke the Gods, when that the mother's wrath
 " Nought but the blood of her own child may swage.
 " These mischiefs spring, when rebels will arise
 " To work revenge, and judge their Prince's fact.
 " This, this ensues, when noble men do fail
 " In loyal troth, and subjects will be kings.
 " And this doth grow, when lo unto the Prince
 " Whom death or sudden hap of life bereaves,
 " No certain heir remains ; such certainty
 " As not all only is the rightful heir,
 " But to the Realm is so made known to be,
 " And troth thereby vested in subjects hearts,
 " To owe faith there, where right is known to rest.
 " Alas, in Parliament what hope can be,
 " When is of Parliament no hope at all !
 " Which tho' it be assembled by consent,
 " Yet is not likely with consent to end.
 " While each one for himself, or for his friend
 " Against his foe, shall travel what he may.
 " While now the state left open to the man
 " That shall with greatest force invade the same,
 " Shall fill ambitious minds with gaping hope.
 " When will they once with yielding hearts agree ?
 " Or in the while, how shall the Realm be used ?
 " No, no : then Parliament should have been holden
 " And certain heirs appointed to the crown
 " To stay their title of established right,
 " And plant the people in obedience ;

While



“ While yet the Prince did live, whose name and
“ By lawful summons and authority (power
“ Might make a Parliament to be of force,
“ And might have set the state in quiet stay.
“ But now, O happy man, whom speedy death
“ Deprives of life, nor is enforc'd to see
“ These huge mischiefs and these miseries,
“ These civil wars, these murders, and these wrongs!
“ Of justice yet, must *Jove* in fine restore
“ This noble Crown unto the lawful Heir.
“ For Right will always live, and rise at length,
“ But Wrong can never take deep root to last.

F I N I S.





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